And turne my head, but thinking of your grace,
Love skrewes my head to gaze backe on your face.
What were I beſt to doe? To ſee you play
Mads me, and I perforce muſt turne away,
And to forbeare the place where you abide,
Would kill me dead, ſhould I but ſtart aſide:
As much as lies in me I ſtrive to bury,
The ſhape of Love, in mirths ſpight I ſeeme merry.
But oh, the more I ſeeke it to ſuppreſſe,
The more my blabbing lookes my love profeſſe.
You know my Love which I in vaine ſhould hide,
Would God it did appeare to none beſide,
Oh *Love* how often have I turned my cheecke,
To hide th'apparant teares that paſſage ſeeke,
From forth my eyes, and to a corner ſtept,
Leaſt any man ſhould aske wherefore I wept:
How often have I told you pitious tales,
Of conſtant Lovers, and how Love prevailes.
When ſuch great heed to my diſcourſe I tooke,
That every accent ſuited to your looke;
Inforged names my ſelfe I repreſented,
The Lover ſo perplex'd, and ſo tormented,
If you will know? Behold I am the ſame,
Paris was meant in that true Lovers name:
As often, that I might the more ſecurely,
Speake looſe immodeſt words, that ſound impurely,
That they offenceleſſe might your ſweet eares tutch,
I have liſpt them up, like one had drunke too much.
Once I remember, your looſe vaile betrai'd,
Your naked skinne, and a faire paſſage made,
To my inamored eye, Oh skin much brighter
Than ſnow or pureſt milke, in colour whiter

Than your faire mother *Læda*, when *Iov*
And in the ſhape of Feathered Swan imbr
Whilſt as this ravithing ſight I ſtood ama
And without interruption freely gazed,
The wreathed handle of the Bowle I graſ
Fell from my hold, my ſtrengthleſſe hand
A Goblet at that time I held by chance,
And downe it fell, for I was in a trance.
Kiſſe your faire Daughter, and to her I ski
And ſnatch your kiſſes from your ſweet ch
Sometimes I throw my ſelfe along, and lie
Singing Love-ſongs, and if you caſt your
On my effeminate geſture, I ſtill finde,
Some pretty covered ſignes to ſpeake my n
And then my earneſt ſuit bluntly invades,
Aethra and *Climenea* your two chiefe maid
But they returne me anſwers full of feare,
And to my motions lend no further eare.
Oh that you were the prize of ſome great
And he that wins, might claime you for hi
Hyppomenes with ſwift *Atlanta* ran,
And at one courſe the Goale and Lady wa
Even ſhe, by whom ſo many Suters periſh'
Was in the boſome of her new Love cheeri
So *Hercules* for *Dejanira* ſtrove,
Brake *Achelous* horne, and gain'd his love
Had I ſuch liberty, ſuch freedome grante
My reſolution never could be danted;
Your ſelfe ſhould find, and all the world ſh
Hellen (a prize alone) reſerv'd for me,
There is not left me any meanes (moſt faire
To Court you now, but by increates and pr

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